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THE MUSICAL TIMES, And Singing Class Circular.

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1858.

MOZART'S PIANOFORTE WORKS.

WE live in strange times. The key-board of the grand pianoforte has been extending itself inordinately, and Messrs. Broadwood, Erard, and Collard, have often much ado to keep their countenances when some person from the country, entering either of their warehouses, gravely desires to see a 'grand' of *seven octaves and a half*. 'We have not quite reached those dimensions as yet,' say the manufacturers, with as polite a seriousness as they can master for the occasion. 'Even if we had, and got a tone into the extremes of such an instrument, it would be dangerous to play upon. A performer stretching his left hand to the height of the treble, or his right to the depth of the bass, would be likely to topple over and measure his length on the floor, and a new long sliding-stool, to move backward and forward, would certainly become essential to the performance of long scale passages.' 'Astonishing!' replies the customer. 'I should think that new 'sliding-scale' in music would prove an attractive sight at the 'Grand Exhibition.'

The pianoforte-makers have done their best to satisfy public desire for the impossible; and they make good sound work. They know the modern mode of assault when a new instrument is tried. Down goes the pedal; then after a sledge-hammer thump in the bass, the left hand reposes upon a chord in the tenor, while the right skirmishes with velocity through arpeggios or scales. From Thalberg down to the quadrille-player, this is the prevailing style. It makes the pianoforte sound altogether. It fills a room with tone; it is imposing, orchestral—what not? Yet let the conservative proprietor beware how he submits his good instrument too often to such ruthless inflictions. Every groan which his poor pianoforte utters signalises some loss of its bloom and beauty, and the continuance of the heavy arm and hand will soon reduce it to a cumbersome and useless box.

A reflecting musical father, who intends to bring up his son to the profession, considers that the knocking to pieces of a Broadwood or an Erard, is, after all, not of much consequence. If the Hanover-square Rooms are filled with seven-shilling tickets, and there is no orchestra to pay, his young gentleman will net a good sum. The lad is healthy and vigorous; he can make his way either by boxing or pianoforte playing; but, on the whole, the school of Thalberg is preferable to that of Mendoza. Delicate and fragile girls pursue the same masculine style. We no longer compliment them on their taste or sensibility, but exclaim, 'What a fine strong arm! How quick the finger!' or 'How powerful the thumb!'

And then the new gymnastics of the pianoforte. It is quite entertaining to see the grimaces and flourishes, having not the slightest connexion with music, which denote the teaching of fashionable music-masters. Let us observe the young lady whom the Signor Padrone, at an evening party, is conducting to the music-stool, to favour the company with a piece by Dreyschock. We know what is coming before even the white gloves are drawn off. At every slow note of the introductory *adagio*, the wrists will be raised, and the fingers placed straight and perpendicular upon the keys; and before every arpeggio which accompanies a melody played,

or rather knocked by the left thumb, the right hand will describe a half circle in the air, the musical meaning or purport of which it is impossible to divine. Such are the mysterious gestures with which Mr. John Parry diverts his audience, when he holds up his truthful mirror to the fashionable follies of the day in music. The eye should certainly not be offended in any good performance; but affectation is an extreme even more to be shunned than awkwardness.

Among the social reforms imperatively demanded, is that of musical education. We have too far pursued and imitated eccentric talents, like those of Thalberg, Chopin, &c., and have cultivated the hand for execution without forming the mind and taste of the musician. Musical evenings at home are often a series of displays from which pleasure is excluded, and where to listen is to learn resignation. Nor is the matter mended if a father, impatient of the protracted *bore* of his miscellaneous volunteers in singing and playing, engages a grand professor to entertain the guests at his party. A fee may repay extravagant practice, but experience proves that it does not command the pleasures of music. No; wherever they exist, they grow out of a sincere affection for, and interest in the thing.

The father of Mozart, and the mother of the late Felix Mendelssohn, in their philosophical development of the musical nature, serve as examples to all who are concerned in teaching. Theirs was not the dry, laborious system of practice which creates the ephemeral wonder, but kills imagination and pleasure; on the contrary, their pupils beginning early, and pursuing music by regular and convenient stages, acquired perfection, chiefly because their minds were recreated from time to time in other pursuits. They knew the important secret, that as knowledge and taste advance, the labour of the hand is greatly relieved; and they would have smiled to hear of M. Kalkbrenner, at sixty, sitting at his pianoforte, reading a book, and practising his five-finger passages. He has told his pupils of his habit, by way of encouraging them, and yet it is scarcely one of the respectable occupations of a senior. There is a time for everything. In childhood, regularity of occupation is the foundation of all mental and moral discipline. When the musician has well employed his youth, his skill is pretty well sustained by the accidental playing which falls to his share. He is free to compose, to enjoy himself in music, and make others enjoy, and he is even able to foil the mechanist at his own weapons.

As cultivated musical parents increase, the advantage of having an artist in the family within call, who will find a pleasure in pleasing, will be duly appreciated. But the plastic age cannot be passed over, and the bad habits encouraged by negligence and remissness, easily cured by the finishing master; the formation of the musician-player must rather be a constant stream of progress to which the hand, the eye, the ear, the mind, should each contribute its part. Maternal lessons, five minutes long, like those of Madame Mendelssohn to her little son, may once more seem but in sport to arrest the volatility of childhood, and yet give a serious bias to a life. This task of development demands experience and caution in its exercise; but the benevolent musician finds a pleasure in the activity to which it excites his fancy. He sees many cases in which music is uselessly prosecuted; but here there are no limits to attainment. He sees the opening taste for melody, for harmony, for design in composition; he points out to the pupil the usages of the great masters; the flame of enthusiasm kindles from mind to mind; the neophyte is confirmed.

The remembrance of erroneous paths in modern musical education has much pressed upon us on viewing the first English edition of Mozart's pianoforte works. Let the mental and tasteful capacities of the young be as fairly opened as they were in Mozart and Mendelssohn, and we shall surely find, that in music, 'the child is father to the man.' If any one glancing through the catalogue *thematique* of Mozart's pianoforte works, and observing the melodious simplicity of the subjects therein treated as rondos, airs with variations, sonatas, &c., would rightly apprehend the causes of the discrepancy of style which appears in these compositions, he must remember the long connexion of this artist's family with the pianoforte-playing world, through which the great composer was engaged in numerous offices of friendship and benevolence. And, perhaps, in the eye of enlarged experience, which has the poet's sympathy in the beauty of the humblest flower that grows, Mozart appears not less himself when condescending to form the hand and taste of a musical child, than in the productions of his most consummate powers. It is only another phasis of the same master-mind at all times instinctive in the propriety of what it undertakes, but here adorned with goodness and condescension.

Indeed, Mozart and Beethoven appear to have cherished within themselves with peculiar tenderness the feelings and sentiments of childhood. Beethoven, revolving in his mind the circumstances of his end, writes quaintly enough in one of his letters: 'I wish to die some day, an old child.' And there is really a prophetic force in this beautiful saying. Whoever looks with scorn on that which is calculated to fill the pure and fresh sensation of childhood with delight, is little likely to join these brothers of the spheres in harmony; for in him there must be a defect in imagination and sympathy. If we would find an apt symbol of the eternal vitality of the arts, it must be in the child's keen apprehension of wonder and pleasure. The poet well knows how necessary it is towards every kind of spiritual enjoyment that these feelings should be cherished and cultivated.

How it happened that pieces by Mozart adapted to purposes of instruction on the pianoforte, bear a large proportion to the whole collection, is connected with the history of the musician, and of his times. The pianoforte of Mozart's day had established its superiority over all keyed instruments of the quill-and-wire tribe by the roundness and sweetness of its tone, the fine gradations of power which it yielded to the hand, and its freedom, without hardness or dryness, from all offensive vibration. The harpsichord, patronised by Handel and Scarlatti, and organ players in general, was not without a certain grandeur; but no one could make it *sing* a melody, or produce upon it those melting effects of *decrescendo*, or harmonious blendings of intervals, to which many of us have listened 'all ear' when a J. B. Cramer sat at the pianoforte. Touch became on this instrument a peculiar art, developing the finest feeling. It was distinct from the elastic digital power which brings out passages with clearness on the harpsichord or organ, and might rather be compared to that gentle pressure of the bow, or enforcement of the breath, with which the accomplished violin player or singer gives prominence to a beautiful idea. The expressive mystery of a fine touch, it is easier for the musician to feel than to explain; the attack and retreat of the fingers, the holding down of notes their full time, and the degree of force with which the keys are struck, may all be well accomplished, yet shall we not be greatly moved

by any performance in which the soul of the artist does not animate his finger tips. A little prelude—a careless arpeggio of half-a-dozen chords, serves mostly to reveal the qualities of a player, and to announce him either as a musician or a musical mechanic.

Not only did Mozart devote himself to the *legato* style, but Beethoven prized it so highly, that while he possessed his sensibility of ear and touch, he never played in any other way; and it was this which made him say in one of his conversations with Ferdinand Ries, 'that of all the pianoforte players he had ever heard, he preferred J. B. Cramer.' This interesting testimony, by the way, which is published in Ries' *Notizen* respecting Beethoven, should not have been excluded from Moscheles and Schindler's biography of that composer.

Towards the middle of the last century every house in a certain class of society in Germany possessed its pianoforte; and in the Southern districts, Stein of Augsburg was a manufacturer of these instruments in great repute. The cultivation of music was at this time merely a means of introducing an elegant pleasure at home. It gave an occupation to the young, which, as the simple, earnest compositions of the day evince, was as yet untainted by the vanity of display. Music pleased for herself alone. But good teaching in respect to mechanism was very rare; and the steps by which a finished artist is raised to perfection, from childhood to full maturity, were almost undiscovered. Mozart's father was one of the first who comprehended the true principles of the modern execution—kept the arm in complete stillness, and moulded the hand into that rounded position in which the fingers seem to grow to the keys. Leopold Mozart and his daughter were much occupied in teaching, and, as we learn, often talked themselves out of breath, in the conscientious discharge of their employment. While they were explaining the mysteries of fingering, and showing how passages of great apparent difficulty could be neatly and elegantly brought under the hand, it was the business of the young composer, even from eight years of age, to form and train the soul.

From this early period the solicitations to compose for this or that individual talent, which beset him throughout life, had their origin. Whatever related to capacity in his own art, its exact degree, its character, and importance, was known to him in any individual with whom he conversed, as if by intuition. The tone of a voice, the air of a countenance, the social vivacity of a young person, seem to have enabled him to read with facility whatever nature had imprinted of the musician. The mere shape of an exquisitely-formed hand, without a general repose and harmony of character in the whole human structure, would, perhaps, not have satisfied him; but both together made him more certain of his subject than either Gall or Spurzheim could have been by any investigation of the musical bumps which enter into the system of phrenology.

Even in his moments of deepest abstraction, when playing extemporaneously, Mozart was able to preserve a part of his mind free to notice the effect of his music upon others, to inform himself how far he might pursue one track of invention, or when it was time to strike into a new one. He had his own prepossessions in point of taste; and there is no master in whose works we can place a finger on a passage, a bar, or even a note, and say with greater confidence, 'this the composer enjoyed.' But though he gently led the way, and insinuated his own preferences in melody in strains of tender and melancholy grace, he appears

rarely to have approved his own first conceptions until he had tried their influence upon others. This practice, which he early commenced among the visitors who listened to him occasionally at his father's house, became so strong in him by habit, that he was able at last to carry it out in public among the numerous audiences collected at the theatre, where—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

The dramatic poet and musician are the kings who proverbially have 'long arms.' The chief element of their being is knowledge of the world within and without; they multiply themselves, and extend their own identity into all the infinite forms and varieties of the human family, and strike chords of passion which vibrate by sympathy through the whole. In Mozart's mystic language of inarticulate sounds there may be discovered a perpetual process of reason, as well as of imagination. The precision with which, as a minister of pleasure, he adapted the means to the end—hitting the mark always, restraining the luxuriance of his fancy amidst all its roving temptations, and preserving himself just within the limits of the object to be accomplished, exhibits the logical composer in an aspect in which he is unequalled among musicians.

Not any writings which Mozart has left show the man and the musician more interestingly than these collected pianoforte compositions. They are, for the most part, the living witnesses to the amiability of his disposition, being mostly free gifts to one and another of his acquaintance of all ages and talents; sometimes evidently costing him no more trouble to write than that of moving the pen; at others, displaying the exertion of his greatest powers in design and construction. To one who can enter with full sympathy into the day-dreams of the charming artist-family, whose abode in Salzburg near a century ago renders that locality still a shrine of musical enthusiasm and devotion, it is pleasant to travel once more into the past on the wings of these compositions. Images of happiness and hope will surround us while we witness the content of the yet youthful father and mother of Mozart in the opening genius of their son; and so we have resolved to write our Salzburg 're-visited.' Glancing a little to our right as we ascend the broad staircase of their dwelling, we discover in the deep vista of a warehouse, fragrant with the scents of Italian edibles and culinary merchandize, Mozart's landlord, that immortal drysalter, M. Hagenauer. The ladies, the officers, the ecclesiastics, the musicians, who from time to time mount to the *dritter stock* (third floor) to talk about or hear music, thus need not forget in going or coming where to renew the exhausted Parmesan or stock of maccaroni. But we quit these sensualities, and enter the apartments of the Mozart family. In a room well stored with musical instruments and books, and ornamented with prints, busts, and flowers, a boy sits at a table composing. That is Mozart. A canary-bird chirps in a cage at the open window; and a favourite cat, who has established herself on the table near his music-paper, looks the picture of domestic quiet and content.

'Wolfgang,' exclaims the boy's sister, 'the young countess, my pupil, is just returned from Paris. She has been taking lessons of Schobert, and is much improved. You remember how well she promised, what a nice clear finger she had, and what a graceful feeling for melody. You must write something for her, either variations or a rondo; but, whatever it is, I must take it with me next week.'

'Well; I'll think of it. I have just finished the procession march for Haffner's sister's wedding, and

the new minuets for the ball in the evening. This afternoon we drive out to the Nonnenberg, and tomorrow I must practise my concerto, to play to the archbishop's Italian friends at the palace. What a lazy thing that is,' he adds, contemplating puss.

'I wonder when I shall find time to enjoy being lazy?'

'Oh, there will be plenty of time,' interposes the father.

'For what?'

'For composing the piece which your sister wants. And, Wolfgang, you know that M. l'Evêque, who has been in Italy, and talks to us so much about Italian fugues and counterpoint, will be sure to stand beside the little countess as she plays; so let your music be a rondo, in which you can bring in the subject in the bass, and make some of the passages move in canon. This will strengthen the young lady's left hand, and give the gentleman an opportunity of displaying his science when he speaks of the construction of the piece.'

The scene changes. The Mozarts are in London, in their modest lodgings in Frith-street, Soho. A German friend of theirs, whose visage beams with delight and admiration, congratulates them on the pleasure which they gave to the king and queen at Windsor, a few nights before. It is the queen's music-master, J. C. Bach.

'His Majesty was delighted with the sonata, which he heard played off-hand by two great hands and two little hands alternately. It was a novelty; and here in England'—addressing the boy—'they like nothing so much as novelty.'

'Have they ever heard four hands on the pianoforte together?' asked Wolfgang.

'Never; no duets for a keyed instrument have yet been published in England. But do you try your hand at some, and we will play them together to some musical friends, whom I intend shortly to collect at my house.'

The duets in D and B flat (Nos. 43 and 57 of the catalogue *thematique*, Potter's edition) are quickly produced and played. A Berlin professor of counterpoint, well versed in Marpurg, fidgets a good deal in his chair, and then rises to criticise.

'The *adagio* of that second duet is certainly a heavenly melody, M. Bach; but I observe that, in the second line, there are about thirty-three consecutive octaves in succession in the middle parts.'

'They accompany the melody very well,' said Bach, laughing.

'But, my dear friend, such counterpoint'—

'I was not thinking of counterpoint; I was thinking of pleasing,' interrupted the boy. 'The second violins and tenors sound very well so in an orchestra.'

'And I notice more octaves still in the *andante cantabile* of this duet in D,' said the professor.

'There I meant to imitate the bassoons.'

'So you turn the pianoforte into an orchestra, and place pleasure above counterpoint! What is to become of music if composers at your time of life set up taste and emotion as supreme guides? It must be quickly reduced to a chaotic jargon.' The professor was waxing warm.

'My revered father, John Sebastian,' said M. Bach, quietly, 'was wont to compose in what you call the strict style; and yet he would break a rule at any time rather than injure a good melody, or spoil a neatly-constructed passage.'

Mozart's wonderful childhood is passed, and he is not a little pleased to see himself wandering from Munich to Mannheim and Paris in quest of a perma-

nent settlement. His pianoforte playing is in great request at the houses of musicians whom he visits; he engages with young people in parties of pleasure, dances, and excursions, ready at any time of day to make the candid confession of youth—

Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard.

And so, as Carl Von Weber tells us, that German girls much delight in new waltzes and musical keepsakes (MSS.), which they pay for by a squeeze of the hand, Mozart, as a matter of course, was obliged to dispense his services and take the usual wages. Sonatas by the dozen, full of elegant Italian melody, and of the neatest construction for fingering, attest what he has given away at the solicitation of the fair; nor could even mama be denied if her little favourite longed for a pretty air with variations. The language of refusal was scarcely in the vocabulary of the compliant and obliging man.

Mozart is walking one morning in the English garden at Mannheim, with a musician belonging to the Elector's chapel. 'Nothing,' says the composer's friend, 'ever surprised and pleased me more than what you did yesterday when we went with Holzbauer and Cannabich to the pianoforte warehouse to choose the new instrument for the palace. To play on five or six instruments in succession, on each in a different manner, with a perspicuous design in every improvisation,—that I call the test of masterly invention and readiness. It is extremely embarrassing, when in walking from instrument to instrument, with great hearers, one is reduced to show one's poverty, to repeat oneself, or become quite vapid.'

The idea of such a situation made the composer smile. 'A peculiar fantasia,' he returns, 'is necessary when one would try a pianoforte. I have thought much of this impromptu music, and I sent my conception of such a fantasia in notes the other day to my sister. It should differ from the orchestral fantasia, in which we may blend *adagio* and *allegro*, sweet air, solemn modulation, and various rhythm, within the compass of one prelude; and also from that in the bound or organ style, which usually ends with a fugue. I intend some day to make designs of these different fantasias.'

Last winter, when we met in London M. Neidhardt, of the Berlin choir, we were well reminded that Mozart had kept his word. The fantasia in C minor, arranged by him for a large military orchestra, forms a splendid piece, and we have heard it ourselves in Berlin with much pleasure.

Years roll on, and Mozart finds himself settled in Vienna, in great reputation, and surrounded by the closest ties of kindred—wife and children. At once the composer and the performing artist, now immersed 'over head and ears,' as he expressed it, in composition, and now the centre of all eyes at the theatre, the world has never seen in any musician such an instance of various power or of equal promptitude in thought and action. His society was mixed. From the boudoir of the empress herself, from the sympathetic and elegant intercourse of Haydn, Metastasio, Gluck, to the revelry of the green-room and its orgies crowned with flowers, every one could extract something to please out of our Mozart. Here his mercurial temperament, however, wronged him, and between too much work and too much pleasure, he consumed himself. When illness had restored predominance to his reasoning and reflecting powers, his regrets at being so early obliged to leave his art were poignant, for he saw into the extent of his own mind, and had begun to view his music as a precious casket, deposited with him by

Providence, not merely for his own advantage, but for that of mankind at large. For awhile, however, the flowers of Mozart's composition never grew in greater profusion, rich and rare, than at Vienna. The excitement of an imperial court, its variety of musical men and musical tastes, employed his mind incessantly on new models in music; and when shortly after his death a void began to be felt, his chief friends, Prince Lichnowsky, Baron Van Swieten, &c., received Beethoven with open arms; and the same hospitality and distinction which Mozart had enjoyed, passed to his successor by right of inheritance. At the same tables, in the same carriages, at the same pianofortes, among the old companions of Mozart, Beethoven may be seen; and hopes revive in the promising genius of the new comer, that the regeneration of music will not be left incomplete. But we may here retrace some of those influences which set Mozart's invention in peculiar activity at Vienna.

Van Swieten, the eccentric physician of Maria Theresa, lived here in great credit on the strength of the excellent constitution of that princess than perhaps his pills and draughts merited. He was very fond of music, understood it scientifically, had an orchestra frequently in his house, and a better listener to fugues never sat in self-concentration and delight by the side of a player. Fugues of Bach and Handel formed after mass a regular part of the Sunday morning service at the Baron's; Mozart was the performer, and he took so much interest in this musician's music, that when he played for his own diversion at home, he scarcely ever touched anything else. Still his reverence of the past did not lead him to pedantry, or to lose sight of the advance of his own day in elegant melodious taste.

We are in the physician's music-room.

'This sonata in the style of Handel, with its introduction and fugue,' observes Van Swieten to his friend, 'seems to me a very complete example of the individuality of your workmanship. You show Handel and yourself too. I have set others the same task, who have either produced what was not at all like their original, or else a servile copy.'

'The composer who attempts to borrow the pen of any great master,' returned Mozart, 'must first possess a well-pronounced, distinct style of his own. An artistic imitation only pleases by such a resemblance to the composer imitated as satisfies the imagination that he might himself have written it at an advanced stage of existence. Merely to copy a composer's modulations and peculiarities, is to produce such a dull imitation as is allied rather to the unpleasant likeness of a wax model, than to the spirited representation of a fine portrait.'

'And yet the *allemande* and *courante* in this sonata,' said Van Swieten, 'are such exquisite gems, that I can scarcely imagine Handel sufficiently refined in instrumental melody to produce them. The fusion of the old and new is admirably accomplished, and makes perfect music. I wish, my dear Mozart, that you may get our German composers out of the horse-in-the-mill track which they pursue, not only in their music, but in the series of their movements, where the same *allegro*, the same slow movement, &c., follow in eternal procession. Now this is a formality which should be broken through. I perceive that your pianoforte tastes of opera music, church and organ music, the symphony, the quartett. This mode is extremely suggestive, and will in time render the pianoforte a perfect microcosm of the great world of harmony.'

'It is, as I take it,' said the composer, 'just the

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business which the present age of music demands. The pianoforte must hereafter fill the concert-room, the theatre, the church, with accomplished hearers; it must exhibit music in all styles, and in a perpetual variety of forms. It will thus make the fortune of composers when kings have no longer places or pensions to give them. But there is much to do. People are now only beginning to see into the significance of notes apart from words or a scene on the stage; yet in instrumental music a few bars more or less make a serious difference to a composition.'

Ferdinand Ries has informed us in his notices on Beethoven, as a curious example of the deep speculations of that master on symmetry and effect in instrumental music, that he one day received in a letter from Vienna a *couple of dotted crotchets*, which Beethoven instructed him to insert in a sonata long before published, as a new and improved commencement of the same. He was quite surprised at the effect of these two notes. Beethoven certainly worked out many of the theories of Mozart with a strong fellow-feeling in beauty, yet with a manner entirely his own.

We now follow Van Swieten into a room in the palace where Joseph II. sometime recreates himself with musical talk and criticism. The emperor turns over the pages of a four-handed fugue on the desk of the pianoforte, with the words, 'See something struck out afresh from the mint of Mozart.' He wrote this to please the countess Thun and Metastasio's niece; the four hands allow the parts to go smoothly, and the bass to come in like the pedals of the great organ at St. Stephen's, when Albrechtsberger performs a voluntary. The ladies played it last evening; and Clementi, who listened, said that it was an admirable composition, but that it wanted an introduction.'

'Mozart thought otherwise,' said the physician, 'and would probably reply, "Why should we always make the same beginnings?" A company who will not cease talking through crashing chords, will sometimes have their attention piqued by a quiet *début*; even a succession of single notes. Your Majesty may recollect Mozart's agreeable innovation, in commencing the overture to *Figaro* *allegro and piano*: how hushed and full of suspense and interest it rendered the house.'

'The musical ideas of Clementi,' returned the emperor, 'are, in your opinion, too subservient to the formal and conventional. His admirable playing is much cried up by the Italians here, but even I can find that he has not Mozart's melody.'

'Clementi,' replied the physician, 'has many original qualifications of the musician, but his science is not wholly free from dryness and pedantry. In every kind of serious music, melody, design, and modulation, must concur to produce pleasure; and certainly it is the praise of Germany, in the instrumental art, to have united science with the graces. I see in this volume of pianoforte duets, three complete specimens of fine music under various designs. The first in F.'

'Haydn, I remember, called it a symphony in disguise,' said the emperor.

'It is indeed such fine music, that when it is well played, you forget the players. This other in C, beginning in unison and *fortissimo*, is intended expressly to show two performers of equal talent in alternate solos; the one in F minor is a mixture of the orchestral and inspired organ style. It differs from everything else by its author, and is one of the noblest monuments of his ambition and powers.'

'That piece originated,' said the emperor, 'in the large mechanical organ which Count F—— erected in the hall of his country-house, near Prague. The times

of playing were regulated by clockwork. The count was a humourist, and said to the man of Silbermann's, who built the organ, 'We shan't want for clever machinery or good pipes, but where shall we get the music, that we may listen to twice a day for a month without being tired?'

The physician smiled, and continued. 'I think the organ-builder found out the right shop. He had but to explain what was wanted, and to say that his clarionet, his flute, his bassoon stops, would be of exquisite quality, to inspire the imagination of Mozart. So to make his work the more durable, the musician selected as his models the two greatest masters of the organ, Handel and J. S. Bach. But he has reserved a place for himself; the prelude and the postlude, in which he has enveloped Handel, are his own, and so is the *adagio* in that second piece, which breaks the fugue in two, and prepares so agreeably to introduce it a second time with new treatment.'

We now enter Mozart's home. He is writing in haste, and throwing the sheets of his music on the floor to dry. His wife and sister return from abroad, and tell him with much pleasure that they have been at the Jesuit's church hearing the beautiful symphonies of Haydn, called the 'Seven last words'—that they have seen Haydn, who conducted the performance himself; that he is coming to visit them in the evening. Mozart expresses his delight. 'I know his famous new work, and I will please him.' At night Haydn is seated near his friend, who is at the pianoforte. 'Now, Haydn, you shall hear one of my 'last words;' and he extemporises an admirable *adagio* in B minor.

Haydn acknowledges the successful and complimentary imitation. 'If you can make such music on a single 'word,' one may well wish that instead of 'seven last words,' there had been seventy. But for ladies this music may be too solemn and severe. There is Mademoiselle Sophie, who will be glad to hear something tender and sentimental.' 'Play the clarionet movement you wrote for Stadler,' said the composer's wife. Haydn wishes to possess this beautiful piece. 'I think I must write it out for the pianoforte, and call it 'Miscellaneous Romance.' I am afraid that your husband,' continued the musician, addressing his wife, 'will be thought a great scrap-monger.'

A stranger in a coffee-house at Vienna suddenly recognises a friend sitting at a table alone, with an air of dejection. 'Ah, Hofer!' he exclaims, addressing in the meanly-clad man Mozart's brother-in-law. 'I am just come from the country, and have brought a new commission for Mozart, from Count F——, who had the organ music.'

'It is too late to ask for Mozart,' returned the other. 'Haven't you heard the news? he died last night.'

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The late hour at which Advertisements reach us, interferes much with their proper classification.

Colored Envelopes are sent to all Subscribers whose payment in advance is exhausted. The paper will be discontinued where the Subscriber neglects to renew. We again remind those who are disappointed in getting back numbers, that only the music pages are stereotyped, and of the rest of the paper, only sufficient are printed to supply the current sale.

We would request those who send us country newspapers, wishing us to read particular paragraphs, to mark the passage, by cutting a slit in the paper near it.

We cannot undertake to return offered contributions; the authors, therefore, will do well to retain copies.